

## ECHOES FROM THE WAR

### Striking Incidents of the Battle of the Yalu.

### SIEGE LIFE AT PORT ARTHUR

General Stoessel Ever Bright and Cheery  
—Pathetic Scene at Liaoyang—  
Alexieff's Triumphphant Reply.

A Japanese brigade commander writes for Leslie's Monthly some incidents of the battle of the Yalu river:

"There was a fellow to the right of me, somewhat up the stream, who was also pushing ahead. Suddenly he turned a somersault in the stream. The stream brought him down rather close to where I was wading, and he gained his feet almost in front of me. He raised his hand to his forehead, from which blood was dripping. It was very evident that a spent bullet hit him upon the forehead and knocked him down into the water.

"The bullet did not strike him square against the forehead. It glanced around his head, piercing the skin only, and stopped just above his temple. He struck his finger into the hole and took out the bullet. He looked at it curiously for about a tenth of a second and put it into his pocket and rushed straight ahead.

"As I was rushing over the sandy stretch in front of the Kienchenchong I almost stumbled over a private who was seriously wounded. I said:

"Are you wounded? On the pallor of his face broke a broad smile. He raised his hand and said in a voice as slender as a cobweb thread, 'His majesty, Benji.' Then he added: 'Oh, it is very slight! Let your heart be at ease. Only I pray you to bring the battle to a victory for our country.'

"I saw two soldiers who were pretty badly shot. One of them had at least three bullet wounds. The only thought of these men seemed to be to conceal their wounds. They hurried into the thick of the fray, and upon them was that thievish air which you sometimes catch in a bad boy or a man who is hounded—the air which seemed so ill

at ease on the face of a Nippon soldier and so striking, too, because so rare. They were frightened, these fellows who laughed in the face of death, lest they might be caught by the hospital corps."

The National Tidende of Copenhagen publishes extracts from a private letter dated Port Arthur, Aug. 16, and written by a young Dane. It runs in part as follows:

"I am not sorry to have remained, as I do not expect to have another chance in my life to see such terribly wonderful sights again. General Stoessel has asked all the inhabitants for their own sakes to take at least six hours' rest per diem, though he never seems to sleep himself. He is always bright and cheery. It would take the Japanese six months to starve us out. We have plenty of flour, tea and ammunition, but are short of tinned food and cigarettes.

"The Japs are wonderfully plucky fighters. They stand the heaviest fire quite coolly—young boys, too, of seventeen or eighteen years of age. The explosions of mines, for which we use Whitehead torpedoes, are truly awful to see, dismembered bodies flying all around. Thousands of mines have been laid. How will the Japanese fare when they get still nearer? Today about 3,000 engineers and workmen have started repairing the Russian, Sebastopol and Potemkin, which are badly holed, but we have plenty of material to mend them with. The garrison numbers 34,000, not counting sailors. The Baltic fleet is expected here early in October."

Just after General Kuropatkin had reached Mukden he was communicated with by Viceroy Alexieff, says the Baltimore American.

The latter had called the former up by telephone and told him to stop where he was and give battle to his pursuers.

Whereupon Kuropatkin grew indignant.

"Who's running this army, I'd like to know!" he asked.

"According to my most trustworthy information, General Kuroki runs it whenever he wants to," was Alexieff's triumphant reply.

### Brown the Color For Autumn.

Brown will be the great autumn color, and all sorts of fresh shades will be in vogue, says the New York Press. Chocolate brown will be used for street wear, and the golden brown is another favorite. Brown with a yellow cast is a brand new shade. Many of the newest brown costumes demand boots and stockings to match and a lot of corresponding hosiery. This summer brown suits for men were popular.

## SIDE LIGHTS ON HOAR

### Massachusetts Senator's Enthusiasm for Rural Life.

### LOVED FIELDS AND WOODS

Deep in Statecraft, He Was Very Fond of the Country and Believed in Its Beneficial Work—Anecdote That Proves His Keen Wit.

A side of the late Senator George Frisbie Hoar's character with which those who knew him only as a statesman and a scholar are unfamiliar was his enthusiasm for country life, says the Boston Herald. Barely have the advantages and attractions of boy life on a New England farm been expressed more poetically than by Mr. Hoar in a short speech introducing Senator Lodge at the inauguration of Carroll D. Wright as president of Clark college at Worcester Oct. 9, 1902, in which he showed how great was his colleague's misfortune in being city bred.

During his many years of public life Senator Hoar found time to be out of doors a great deal in the summer. His home in Worcester is separated from the neighboring houses by broad lawns and many trees, so that the outlook from the house is suggestive of the country. During recent years the senator took great pleasure during the summer in long drives through the beautiful hilly country surrounding Worcester and often enjoyed the scenery from a seat in a trolley car. He expressed his feeling about the country when he said:

"There was never better gymnasium for body and intellect and soul; there was never better preparation for college or university or for the greater university of the world than the life from the early settlement of the country down to a day most of us can remember, on a New England farm. What an education in the old days, when the thick wood came up close to the village; when the boy's schoolmates were the hawk and the owl and the raccoon and the muskrat; when he was schooled in the lore of wood and pond and river; when he went barefoot from the frost in the spring to the frost in the autumn, and thawed out the pump and shoveled out the path through the snow in the winter morning, and had—

"Every moral feeling of the soul strengthened and braced by breathing in content. The keen and wholesome air of poverty—And drinking from the well of homely life.

"In those days when a boy wanted to have a thing done for him he had to do it himself. He had to keep his eyes and his ears open to nature's constant challenge from wood and field and river and pond. The pickering in the pond and the muskrat in the river and the hawk in the sky and the woodchuck in his hole and the gray squirrel on the tree top were calling to him, 'Get me if you can.' He went out to his day's work with an exhilaration that nobody but Chaucer, the poet of the morning and of joy, could adequately describe unless, perhaps, we except Gray, who has told us the story of English country life and of ours in a poem, every line of which is a gem more precious than the Kohinoor.

"Oh! did the harvest to the sickle yield; These farrows oft the stubborn glebe had broke. How fount did they drive their team afield. How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

"I account it a great misfortune to any man to have missed that school."

Senator Hoar's wit, harmless as a dove among his private friends, was as keen as a stiletto when wielded in the legislative chamber. I might mention a few instances in point, says a writer in the Pittsburg Dispatch.

Senator Ben Tillman can be a bit prudish on occasions in the use of good English. Ex-Senator Allen of Nebraska, less careful in the niceties of the language, was noted as the longest winded debater in the senate, a fact which lends point to this instance.

In the course of a senate colloquy Tillman and Allen disputed over the pronunciation of the word "situs," the South Carolinian contending that the "i" should be long, while his opponent stuck to the short sound. The question was referred to Hoar as authority in good English.

"The senator from South Carolina is

## PILES

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technically correct," decided the oracle. "but I suppose the senator from Nebraska desired to save time by using the short sound."

A newspaper correspondent once asked Senator Hoar for his photograph.

"Why, certainly," said the senator cordially. "Garland, go and sit for my picture."

Garland was one of his private secretaries. The correspondent looked puzzled. "Oh, that's all right," continued the senator. "Garland always sits for my portrait because he is a much better looking man than I am. When I am asked for my photograph I get Goodwin, my other secretary, to write it, for he is the best penman, and when I am asked for my opinion on any matter the inquirer is referred to Doherty, my messenger."

Doherty was Hoar's handy man, among his duties being to guard the senator's door. He was mentioned in one of the Washington papers one day as Senator Hoar's "Fidus Achates."

"See here, Doherty, what these newspaper men are calling you," said Mr. Hoar, pointing to the paragraph.

"What does it mean?" asked Doherty, scratching his head.

"Oh, I wouldn't like to tell," replied his employer, in a tone that seemed to show that the meaning was too shocking to be translated into plain English.

Fortwith the offended Doherty went out to look for the "bloody spalpeen" who called him a "Fidus Achates."

Senator Hoar once declined an invitation to attend one of the annual banquets of the famous Grildiron club.

"I know that if I should go I would be called on for a speech," he explained. "Now, I can speak only in Greek, while you fellows can understand only Sanskrit."

Though the soul of generosity, there was nothing selfish in Hoar's idea of honesty. He would never accept gifts of any kind from corporations that dealt with the public.

Once he was riding on a train from New York to Washington, his seat mate being the railroad manager. When the conductor came to collect fares the railroad official was astonished to see a United States senator pull from his pocket a regulation ticket to be punched. As soon as he could, the manager mailed to Mr. Hoar a season pass over his lines, only to have it returned by next mail with Mr. Hoar's thanks and with the statement that the senator never accepted free passes.

The same strict integrity marked his legal practice. A client brought suit on the strength of Mr. Hoar's opinion that he would win the case. But the client lost, and Mr. Hoar refused to take a fee. He saw no reason why a man should pay for his lawyer's blunder.

Senator Hoar had one story that he was fond of telling. It ran as follows, says the Chicago Tribune:

"My old friend Professor Gallaudet, of the deaf and dumb college in Washington told me some twelve or fifteen years ago a pathetic story, which I think may be well applied to a great many gentlemen who have political crochets or peculiar notions in their heads. He had a little boy in his institution between five and six years old, a little deaf and dumb fellow, very precocious, and the doctor liked very much to talk to him and he liked to talk to Dr. Gallaudet. One day the doctor asked him if he knew the story of George Washington and the hatchet. The little fellow said he did.

"Well," said the doctor, "won't you tell me?"

"So he began to spell it off on his fingers, and when he came to the right place in the story, he took the hatchet in his left hand and he said to his father—

"The doctor interrupted him. 'What did he take the hatchet in his left hand for?' 'Why, he wanted his right hand to tell him with,' said the boy."

A little more than a year ago Senator Hoar was in Chicago and visited the Armour institute, where he talked to the students.

"I feel as if I were talking to 1,200 of my grandchildren," began the venerable senator. "Probably you do not know it, but I believe and take pride

in the belief that I am the grandfather of technical education in the United States. I made the first address in behalf of such education. It was delivered before the Massachusetts legislature years ago. I wish to defend the honor that I feel in being thus a pioneer in the field in which you labor.

"Andrew D. White heard that I claimed to have made this first speech, and he wrote me saying that he thought he was the forerunner. He sent me the speech he made, and I mailed him mine, which bore a date three years earlier than that marked on his. I don't wish to appear egotistical, but I say what I have said because I am justly proud."

Senator Hoar related with much glea a conversation that took place between two southerners, the first of whom had but lately returned from a trip through New England, says a writer in Lippincott's Magazine. Said the first man from Dixie to his friend:

"You know those little, white, round beans?"

"Yes," replied the friend, "the kind we feed to our horses?"

"The very same. Well, do you know, sir, that in Boston the enlightened citizens take those little, white, round beans, boil them for three or four hours, mix them with molasses and I know not what other ingredients, bake them, and, then, what do you suppose they then do with the beans?"

"They—

"They eat 'em, sir!" interrupted the first southerner impressively. "Bless me, sir, they eat 'em!"

In the senate chamber Mr. Hoar sometimes kept his nearest neighbors in a continuous laugh by his running comments on the proceedings. His colleagues could accurately gauge his humor by observing how he played with his bunch of keys. If he waved them gently over his desk he would be found amiable; if he moved them quickly or jerkily he was displeased; if the speaker having the floor should say something to excite the Massachusetts senator's combativeness the keys would tap his desk sharply, says a writer in the Pittsburg Dispatch.

It may surprise you to learn that so old and so scholarly a statesman should have found his favorite mental recreation in such genus of literature as "Daredevil Dick; or, the Roaring Red Headed Rooster of the Rialto." Yet such is the fact. Dime and nickel "filibusters" were his delight, especially to while away the hours of railroad travel, and he would enjoy the unraveling of the crude and bloody plots with as much zest as a messenger boy.

Senator Hoar was without taste for any kind of sport, his favorite outing exercise being nothing more exciting than a rural trolley ride. His pleasures were essentially mental. Just upon an adjournment of the senate he was asked what he was going to do that summer for recreation.

"Rest in my library and read Greek," he said. It was his idea of a royal good time.

### LAW POINTS.

All profits accruing from the acts of an agent, whether resulting from the proper performance of his duties or a violation of same, belong to the principal. (97 N. W. Rep. 420.)

A nonresident attorney at law is held in Greenleaf versus People's bank (N. C. 63 L. R. A. 450) not to be exempt from service of process when coming into the state to transact business before the courts in the interest of his client.

Where the buyer is by the contract bound to do anything as a condition, either precedent or concurrent, on which the passing of the property depends, the property will not pass until the condition is fulfilled, though the goods may have been actually delivered into the possession of the buyer. (108 Ill. App. Ct. 100.)

### First English Clock.

The first English clock was set up at Westminster in 1288; the first Italian weight clock was put in place in Bologna in 1356; the first French clock was placed over the Palais de Justice in 1370.

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### WHITE MICE AT A SERVICE.

Uncanny Scenes Witnessed in Buddhist Temple at Lassa, in Thibet.

A recent dispatch to the London Daily Mail from Lassa, in Thibet, gives a striking description of a visit to the Buddhist temple there during the service. The correspondent says:

"The monks have extraordinarily deep, devotional voices, reaching deeper tones than any western bass. The voices of a thousand monks resembled the drone of a subterranean monster, musically plaintive, the voice of the earth God praying for release to the God of the skies.

"In the inner temple are three enormous images of the Buddhist trinity, set with jewels from foot to crown. In the upper story, in a place we called 'hell,' some lamas were worshipping the demon protectress of the grand lama. The music here was harsh and barbaric. On pillars and on the walls were displayed every freak of diabolical invention in the shape of scrolls and 'devil masks.' The object of this worship was huddled in a corner, a dwarf hideous and malignant enough for such rites.

"All about the lamas' feet ran little white mice searching for grain, with which they are fed daily. They are scrupulously revered, as in their frail bodies the souls of previous guardians of the shrine are believed to be reincarnated.

"Some of the rites were conducted in absolute silence. As we watched from a latticed window some acolytes looked up, but the monks sat like stone figures, apparently oblivious of our presence. The rock of candles was almost suffocating."

### "Train Catarrh" in America.

Train catarrh has as yet no name in America or anywhere else, but here is its christening, says the London Chronicle. The present writer has lately spent four nights in sleeping-berths on American trains, and he has spent many other nights on continental trains. Always there has resulted the catarrh, produced, one may presume, by changes of temperature and dust. Many travelers have suffered in the same way. What do the doctors say about this form of disease?

### An Unequal Encounter.

In the Spanish town of Alfinden, in the province of Saragossa, four young peasants who had been drinking jumped into an enclosure where four bulls were kept for an impending fight. Two of the men managed to get out again. The other two were killed by the infuriated animals.